

MARG YEO

my muse

i.

5 am everything's shut
down wrapped up tight for the
night
the snow
falls without a footstep from my window clear
out to arcturus the wind has almost
ceased to breathe the cat dreaming
tips to her back eyes tight paws
padding the air in chase or
flight and sighs and settles
back to a black rhythmic oracular
zero on the bed

and me i'm drifting
around my desk waiting
for the next word to waltz in like the
lover who never arrives till you've
given her up
(perhaps you don't tell her how
glad you are to see her but you
should in case she gives you up and
doesn't come again)

without
her i am not just alone and
lonely i am an un
broken code thin wisp a whisper lost in the
wind i am a whole
language intricate lyrical inflected and
spoken by no
one at all

ii.

my muse is a tough tendentious
truthful woman
don't think of
wings
she walks

everywhere in and
out of my life up and down my
apartment pacing and thinking and issuing
instructions

today she comes
whistling pulls me out of the
shower tosses me a towel orders me to get
on with it like
this she says tapping the beat of her
breath along my bones

and can't you do
anything without me?

she'd like me to be more
independent when i whine about
missing her though she goes for
years and i never know when
she'll be off again to
rio or the greek islands i
suspect and always
without me

iii.

if i had my life to live all
over again i wouldn't change
much in spite of the pain the loneliness the wrong
decisions in spite of the bad
years

i have all the
women i've loved in
her i have
my muse

*Marg Yeo's might there be finches and wolves of course
appear earlier in this issue.*